

# *Sketch*

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## Escape

Helen Le Baron\*

\*Iowa State College

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## Near Release

Keith Shillington

The rain and I were friends last night,  
When yesterday's smoke hung low in the west  
On tomorrow's lips, tinging their rouge to purple.  
Deep dipped the pink chrysanthemum,  
Tearing its ragged head on the sidewalk's edge,  
Crying its reflection into the jet puddles  
Under the street light's grin.

We both are tired today—  
The rain falling in a deep slumber  
From clouds which hang like sagging mattresses over chairs  
And crush the sun in their crevices.  
I stride from tie to tie down the curved gleam of the tracks  
And see the rusted hollyhocks  
In people's back yards  
Giving spasmodic birth up their stalks  
To red cart wheels.

I wish I were the rain.  
I would let gravity hang responsibility.

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## Escape

Helen Le Baron

The world is heavy. I am tired.  
Sweet peace, around me fold.  
The fabric of a broken dream  
Before my eyelids mold.  
Put it together in make-believe.  
My heart must be consoled.